

# THE CALEDONIAN.

BY A. G. CHADWICK.

ST. JOHNSBURY, VT., FEBRUARY 25, 1840.

VOL. III. NO. 134

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## MISCELLANEOUS.

### TEXAS.

We have a multitude of different accounts of this new country, which is beginning to attract universal attention from its rapid increase in population, wealth and power. Some writers represent it as a Paradise—others as the home of pestilence—the retreat of vagabonds. We have been sadly puzzled to find out any thing to be relied on among the various descriptions given by interested individuals from time to time, of Texas. But we find, in a statement lately published by the Rev. Mr. Stevens, a Methodist Clergyman of Providence, R. I., the following particulars, which are very interesting, and we think may be relied upon.

Take the map of that Republic, and examine its geographical position. Nature has furnished it with boundaries. The Sabine river separates it from the United States on the East, the Red River on the North, the Rio Bravo from Mexico on the South west, while on the North west it stretches indefinitely, and will, perhaps, reach California on the Pacific. Its coast commands the best ports on the Gulf of Mexico—the harbors of Mexico being all poor.—The navigation of that important sea will be chiefly commanded by Texas. She is aware of this, and is already establishing a smart little navy. In this department of her strength she already excels Mexico, and could, with ease, blockade her coast at this moment. Her western boundary is yet unsettled, but there can be no doubt that its determination will be chiefly with Texas herself. The most limited estimate we can make of her territory is at least six times the area of New York.

Texas is a vast margin of alluvial soil, extending inland from the Gulf between 200 and 300 miles. It seems indeed to be an immense extension from the eastern spurs of the Rocky Mountains, declining gradually to a level with the Gulf. First, for about an average of fifty miles inland, are the low lands, consisting of vast prairies, with scarcely a perceptible disparity of surface. The rivers and streams, running down from the more elevated interior, form channels through it, and are generally lined with timber. The soil is exhaustively rich in the low country, suitable for all tropical productions, especially cotton, sugar, rice, &c. Next appear what are called the undulating or rolling prairies. Suppose the ocean after a storm, when the waves are still high, petrified in an instant, and clothed with verdure, and you may form some conception of this portion of Texas. I have seen the most celebrated scenery of the United States, Canada and Europe, but I have never seen any that excelled the rolling prairies of Texas—a specimen of landscape which, defined, as it is, by the very line of beauty, covered alternately with groups of timber and the luxuriant grass and the wild flowers of the prairie, with vast herds of cattle scattered over it, and frequent streams intersecting it, creates in the mind of the traveller the illusion that he has got into some land of beautiful visions—some El Dorado, where magic powers are operating to shape and color all things into beauty. There is no sublimity, no rugged grandeur about the scenery of Texas, but the most bland, the most unmixed beauty, the very spirit of beauty, seems breathed over the hills and dales and skies. I have rode, day after day, over these rolling prairies, when every few rods would throw into view some new prospect on which the eye might rest with delight for hours, while my way has seemed to be through a cultivated flower garden, and the air was fragrant with perfume. Every one who has travelled into the interior of Texas understands what these words fail to describe. With these advantages her soil is unsurpassed by the best specimens of the Valley of the Mississippi, producing, as above mentioned, luxuriant crops of cotton, sugar, corn, &c., in the high lands all the staples of our Northern States. The third section of Texas—the mountains, or extreme North—I have not visited, and cannot therefore describe. Travellers assert it to be more beautiful than even the rolling prairies.

In respect to climate, you can judge from its latitude, to some extent. I need not suggest to you the effect which the declination of the whole country to the North must have on the climate. We all know in the North the importance of the southern side of a hill in agricultural matters. The whole surface of Texas has this advantage. This circumstance produces another advantage, which I believe is almost peculiar to Texas among the countries of the Gulf coast, viz: a daily sea-breeze in the summer. The rarefaction produced by the concave form of the surface occasions an influx of the cooler breezes of the sea, which sometimes rises to the violence of a gale and sweeps over the country with refreshing effect.

The effects of the climate on health are much the same as in our Southern States. The chief diseases are fever and ague, bilious and congestive fevers. These prevail mostly in the Southern or low country. In the higher lands, wherever they are most common, it is from local causes, as swamps, &c. The mortality in the Southern country has struck me as remarkable. Perhaps it is chiefly owing to the habits of the people. They drink much of stimulating liquors. It is a singular fact that in the most inflammatory climates the most inflammatory diet prevails. This is peculiarly true of Texas. Coffee, one of the most bilious of drinks, is used generally and at most every meal in those very sections where the bilious type predominates in all their diseases. Enormous quantities of animal food are consumed.

When the wind happens to come from the North West, it brings with it the cold of the snows of the Rocky Mountains, and reduces the thermometer with singular rapidity. This renders rheumatic affections common, but the periods of such weather being brief and seldom, these diseases are never inveterate.

### HERE IS THE MAN.

We ask our fellow citizens to read the subjoined correspondence. It will tell them more truly than the thousand newspaper bulletins of the present day, who, and what, and where WILLIAM HENRY HARRISON has been in his country's cause.

How contemptible does the loud & senseless, party cry of federalist—federal candidate—federal party—democratic candidate, &c. &c. become to the mind that has independence and liberty left to itself, when a document such as we present the reader below is summoned up from that period of cruel aggression, peril and uncertainty to which it relates! Bear in mind, intelligent reader, that the man who stood forth in the vindication of his country's honor—of her rights, of her bleeding and murdered men, women and children, and who dared to tell the champions of British aggression to their teeth, that they had outraged every law of humanity and should be made to feel a retributive justice, was the same WILLIAM HENRY HARRISON whose honored name is now presented to the country for its grateful sufferings, that it may become the instrument of once more staying the downward fortunes of our people, and of restoring them to harmony and prosperity.

It is difficult to select from our whole history a page more abounding in lofty and indignant patriotism—in refined yet outraged feelings of humanity, and the spirit of daring chivalry, than the subjoined letter of General HARRISON to the British commander. Who can read this letter, even at this late day, without feeling rise within his own breast the truth of Gen. HARRISON'S far reaching declaration to the British General, viz:—"The effect of their [Indian and British] barbarities will not be confined to the present generation. Ages yet to come will feel the deep-rooted hatred and enmity which they must produce between the two nations."

What father can read this letter to his children, and not enjoin it upon them to honor, cherish, REVERE the name of WILLIAM HENRY HARRISON? What father can point to his inquiring child one page in all American history, that will enable him to begin a comparison of MARTIN VAN BUREN'S life with this single incident in the life of Gen. HARRISON? Such a father lives not in our land.

### INTERESTING CORRESPONDENCE.

From Gen. Proctor to Gen. Harrison.

October 18, 1813.

Sir—The fortune of war having placed the private property of the officers and several families of the right division of the British army in Upper Canada, in your power; as also letters, papers and vouchers of the greatest consequence to individuals, without being of any to the captors; I do myself the honor of applying to you in their behalf hoping that, agreeably to the custom of war, you will avail yourself of this favorable opportunity to alleviate private feelings by causing the said property and documents to be restored. I must also intreat that every consideration in your power be shown for private families, not of the army. I trust that with the same view you will permit the bearer hereof to ascertain the fate of individuals, and that you will facilitate the retreat of any family that may unfortunately have been interrupted in the attempt. I have the honor to be, &c.

(Signed) HENRY PROCTOR.

Maj. Gen. in H. B. M.'s service.  
Major General Harrison, or officer commanding the army in the service of the U. S. at Moravain Towns.

From Gen. Harrison to Gen. Vincent.

HEAD QUARTERS, FORT GEORGE, 3d Nov 1813.  
Sir—Lieut. Le Breton, an officer in your service, arrived at Detroit on the 15th ult., bearing a flag and a letter to me from General Proctor, requesting humane treatment for the prisoners in my possession and the restoration of private property and papers. This letter was directed to me at the Moravian towns; and as the subject was not of the importance to authorize the lieutenant's pursuing me to Detroit, I was somewhat surprised at his doing so.

It did not appear to me proper to permit him to return in that way, and as I was upon the point of setting out for this frontier by water, I conceived that that mode of conveyance would be full as agreeable to him, and would enable him to meet Gen. Proctor as expeditiously as by the land route. I regret that the badness of the weather and other causes which he will explain, have detained him until this time.

Understanding that you are the senior officers, I have determined to address my answer to you. With respect to the subject of Gen. Proctor's letter, those which I have the honor to enclose you from the British officers who were taken on the 6th ult. to their friends, and the report of Mr Le Breton, will satisfy you that no indulgence which humanity could claim in their favor, or the usages of war sanction, has been withheld. The disposition of the property taken on the field of action or near it, was left to the commanding officer at Detroit. The instruction given to that gentleman and the well known generosity of his character and liberality to the claimants the utmost justice and liberality in his decisions. In making this statement, I wish it, however, to be distinctly understood, that my conduct with regard to the prisoners and property taken, has been dictated solely by motives of humanity, and not by a belief that it could be claimed upon the score of reciprocity of treatment towards the American prisoners who have fallen into the hands of Gen. Proctor. The unhappy description of persons who have escaped from the tomahawk of the savages in the employment of the British government, who fought under the immediate orders of that officer, have suffered all the indignities and deprivations which human nature is capable of supporting. There is no single instance that I have heard of, in which the property of the officers has been respected. But I am far from believing that the conduct of Gen. Proctor has been thought an example worthy of imitation by the greater part of the British officers; and in the character of Gen. Vincent, I have a pledge that he will unite his exertions with mine to soften as much as possible the fate of those whom the fortune of war may reciprocally place in our power.

But, sir, there is another subject upon which I wish an explicit declaration. Will the Indians who still adhere to the cause of his Britannic Majesty, be suffered to continue that horrible species of warfare which they have hitherto practised against our troops, and those still more horrible depredations upon the peaceable inhabitants of our frontiers? I have sufficient evidence to show, that even the latter have not always been perpetrated by small parties of vagrant Indians, acting at a distance from the British army. Some of the most atrocious instances have occurred under the eyes of the British commander and the head of the Indian department. I shall pass by the tragedy of the River Raisin, and that equally well known which was acted on the Miami River, after the defeat of Col. Dudley—and select three other instances of savage barbarity committed under the auspices of Gen. Proctor. In the beginning of June, a small party of Indians, conducted by an Ottawa chief, who I believe is now in the British army under your command, left Malden in bark canoes, in which they coasted Lake Erie to the mouth of Portage River; the canoes were taken across the Portage to the Sandusky Bay, over which the party proceeded to the mouth of Cold Creek, and from thence by land to the settlements upon that river, where they captured three families, consisting of one man and 12 women and children. After taking the prisoners some distance, one of the women was discovered to be unable to keep up with them in consequence of her advanced state of pregnancy. She was immediately tomahawked, stripped naked, her womb ripped open, and the child taken out. Three or four children were successively butchered as they discovered their inability to keep up with the party. Upon the arrival of the Indians at Malden, two or three of the prisoners were ransomed by Col. Elliot, and the others by the citizens of Detroit, where they remained until they were taken off by their friends upon the recovery of that place by our army. I have been informed that the savage chief received from Col. Elliot a *reprimand* for his cruelty.

On the 29th or 30th of the same month, a large party of Indians were sent from Malden on a war expedition to Lower Sandusky. A farm house near that place, they murdered a whole family, consisting of a man, his wife, son and daughter. During the last attack upon Fort Meigs by General Proctor, a party headed by a Seneca, an intimate friend of Tecumseh's, was sent to endeavor to detach from our interests the Shawanese of Wapeckania. In their way hither they murdered several men and one woman, who was working in her cornfield. I have selected, sir, the above, from a long list of similar instances of barbarity, which the history of the last fifteen months could furnish;—because they were perpetrated, if not in the view of the British commander, by parties, who came immediately from his camp and returned to it—and even received their daily support from the king's stores, and who, in fact, (as the documents in my possession will show) form part of his army.

To retaliate then upon subjects of the king would have been justifiable by the laws of war & usages of the most civilized nations. To do so has been amply in my power. The tide of fortune has changed in our favor, and an extensive and flourishing province opened to our arms.—Nor have the instrument of vengeance been wanting. The savages who sued to us for mercy would gladly have shown their claim to it by re-acting upon the Thames the bloody scenes of Sandusky and Cold Creek. A single sign of approbation would have been sufficient to pour upon the subjects of the king their whole fury—the future conduct of the British officers will determine the correctness of mine in withholding it. If the savages should again be let loose upon our settlements, I shall with justice be accused of having sacrificed the interest and honor of my country, and the lives of our fellow citizens, to feelings of false and mistaken humanity. You, are a soldier, sir, and as I sincerely believe, possess all the honorable sentiments which ought always to be found in men who follow the profession of arms. Use, then, I pray you, your authority and influence to stop that dreadful effusion of innocent blood which proceeds from the employment of those savage monsters, whose aid (as must be discovered) is so little to be depended on when it is most wanted, and which can have so trifling an effect upon the issue of the war. The effect of their barbarities will not be confined to the present generation. Ages yet to come will feel the deep rooted hatred and enmity which they must produce between the two nations.

I deprecate most sincerely the dreadful alternative which will be offered to me should they be continued; but I solemnly declare, that if the Indians that remain under the influence of the British government, are suffered to commit any depredations upon the citizens within the district that is committed to my protection, I will remove the restrictions which have hitherto been imposed upon those who have offered their services to the United States, and direct them to carry on the war in their own way. I have never heard a single excuse for the employment of savages by your government, unless we can credit the story of some British officer having dared to assert that "as we employed the Kentuckians, you had a right to make use of the Indians." If such injurious sentiments have really prevailed to the prejudice of a brave, well-informed and virtuous people, it will be removed by the representations of your officers who were lately taken upon the Thames. They will inform you, sir, that so far from offering any violence to the persons of their prisoners, these savages would not permit a word to escape them which was calculated to wound or insult their feeling, and this, too, with the sufferings of their friends and relatives at the

River Raisin and Miami fresh upon their recollection.

I have the honor to be, &c.

WM. HENRY HARRISON.  
P. S. I pledge myself to the truth of the above statement in relation to the murders committed by the Indians.

W. H. H.

### WASHINGTON LOVED HIS MOTHER.

Immediately after the organization of the present government, General Washington repaired to Fredericksburg, to pay his humble duty to his mother, preparatory to his departure to New York. An affecting scene ensued. The son feelingly remarked the ravages which a tottering disease had made upon the aged frame of his mother, and thus addressed her:

"The people, madam, have been pleased, with flattering unanimity, to elect me to the chief magistracy of the United States, but before I can assume the functions of that office, I have come to bid you an affectionate farewell. So soon as the public business, which must necessarily be encountered in arranging a new government, can be disposed of, I shall hasten to Virginia, and—"

Here the matron interrupted him. "You will see me no more. My great age, and the disease that is fast approaching my vitals, warn me that I shall not be long in this world. I trust in God, I am somewhat prepared for a better. But go, George, fulfil the high destinies which Heaven appears to assign you; go my son, and may Heaven's and your mother's blessings be with you always."

The President was deeply affected. His head rested upon the shoulder of his parent, whose aged arm feebly, yet fondly encircled his neck. That brow on which fame had wreathed the purest laurel virtue ever gave to created man, relaxed from its lofty bearing. That look which could have awed a Roman Senate, in its Fabian day, was bent in filial tenderness upon the time-worn features of this venerable matron. The great man wept. A thousand recollections crowded upon his mind, as memory, retracing scenes long past carried him back to his paternal mansion, and the days of his youth; and there the centre of attraction was his mother, whose care, instruction and discipline, had prepared him to reach the topmost height of laudable ambition; yet how were his glories forgotten while he gazed upon her form whom, wasted by time and malady, he must soon part to meet no more!

The matron's predictions were true. The disease which had so long preyed upon her frame, completed its triumph, and she expired at the age of 85, confiding in the promises of immortality to the humble believer.

Remember this story, little children. Washington you know, was a great man. I shall never expect to see any little boy become a great man who does not love his mother.

### THE TORY PRESS vs. WILLIAM HENRY HARRISON.

When it was first announced that the Harrisburg Convention had nominated Gen. HARRISON for the highest office in the gift of the American people, the Tory press, from one end of the country to the other, assailed him with the most savage and unrelenting malignity. Every degrading epithet which human ingenuity and human malice could devise, has been unsparingly applied to that distinguished man. True to their Tory principles, they have seized the stale epithets of "coward" & "granny," which the British applied to the gallant and noble Wayne, and applied them to HARRISON than whom a braver man never drew a sword. They have derided him because he is poor, and have charged him with living in a "log cabin," and drinking "hard cider," the same as their Tory brethren of old charged the brave and generous Marion with living upon sweet potatoes, and sleeping under a log. Forty years spent in honorable public service in the field and in the Senate, is to them as nothing; the confidence of every President, from Washington to Jackson, is regarded not; an honesty of purpose and an integrity which is unimpeached and unimpeachable, a character which has never been obscured by the blighting breath of calumny, all, all could not protect him from their venomous assaults. But like Proctor and his ferocious allies at Fort Meigs, these malignant assailants of one of the purest patriots and most enlightened statesmen of the Republic, will be driven back and overwhelmed with disgrace and remorse. Already do they begin to moderate their tone—they see in the spontaneous enthusiasm with which his nomination has been hailed from North to South, and from East to West, that he has a deep hold on the affections of the people. They will find that their outrageous slanders upon a man who has devoted his life to the service of his country, will not subvert their purpose, but on the other hand, will stir up their own partisans to mutiny and rage. We would say to them:—

"The brave, poor soldier ne'er despise,  
Nor count him as a stranger;  
For he has served his country long,  
In the day and hour of danger." *Atlas.*

A MISAPPREHENSION.—We recollect once being very much amused at the relation of the following anecdote, from the lips of a very amiable, and with all a very modest widow lady in New Jersey. Soon after her husband had paid the debt of nature, leaving her sole legatee, a claim was brought against the estate by his brother, and a process was served upon her by the sheriff of the county, who happened to be a widower, of middle age. Being unused, at that time, to the forms of law, though in the protracted law suit which followed, she had ample opportunity of acquiring experience, she was much alarmed, and meeting just after the departure of the sheriff, with a female friend, she exclaimed, with much agitation, "What do you think? sheriff Pierce has been after me!" "Well," said the considerate lady, with perfect coolness, "he is a very fine man." But he says he has an attachment for me," replies the widow. "Well, I have long suspected, he was attached to you, my dear." "But you don't understand—he says I must go to court." "Oh, that's quite another affair, my child; don't you go so far as that; it is his place to come to court you!"

William Penn's way of getting what land he wanted. Penn learned in 1689 that there were some very choice land not included in his first purchase, and he sent to inquire of the Indians if they would sell it. They replied that they did not wish to part with the land where their fathers were resting;—but to please their father Onas the name they gave the good man, they would sell some of it.—Accordingly, they agreed for a certain quantity of English goods, to sell as much land as one of their young men could walk round in a day, beginning at the great river Cosquanco, now Kensington, and ending at the great river Kallapingo, now Bristol. This mode of measurement, though their own choice, did not in the end satisfy the Indians; for the young Englishman chosen to walk off the tract of land walked so far and so fast as greatly to astonish and mortify them. The governor observed their dissatisfaction, and asked its cause.

"The walker cheat us,"

"Ah, how can that be?" asked Penn; "did you not choose yourselves to have the land measured in this way?"

"True," replied the Indians, "but white brother make too big walk."

Some of Penn's commissioners, waxing warm said the bargain was a fair one, and insisted that the Indians ought to abide by it, and, if not, should be compelled to do so.

"Compelled!" exclaimed Penn, "how can you compel them without bloodshed?"—Then turning with a benignant smile to the Indians, he said, "Well, brothers, if you have given us too much land for the goods first agreed on how many more will satisfy you?"

This proposal gratified them; and they mentioned the quantity of cloth and number of fish hooks with which they would be satisfied. These were cheerfully given; and the Indians shaking hands with Penn, went away smiling.

After they were gone, the governor snuggling round on his friends, exclaimed, "O, how sweet and cheap a thing is charity. Some of you spoke just now of compelling these poor creatures to stick to their bargain, that is in plain English, to fight and kill them, and all about a little piece of land.—Advocate of Peace.

SUDDEN AND EXTRAORDINARY DEATH.—In a letter from one on whose statements the greatest reliance may be placed, the following account has been transmitted to the publishers of the *Ledger*: A Mr. Black, residing in Ontario county State of New York, had been observed for some time to live on terms of disagreement with his wife, giving the neighbors some reason to suspect that he had fixed his affections on another woman, viz. a widow, who dwelt in the same village. Some time in last autumn Mrs. Black died. Mr. B. often visited the widow's both before and after the death of his wife, and recently he became the inmate of the widow's dwelling, in the character, as we suppose, of a boarder. He had remarked to some of his friends, two or three months ago, that if this woman refused to wed him, he would drop dead at her feet. This prophetic assertion was literally fulfilled. On Sunday evening last, about 9 o'clock, he made proposals in due form, and was rejected, when he immediately fell dead! By direction of the coroner, the body was opened by a physician, and the sudden decease of Mr. Black was found to have been caused by the rupture of a large blood vessel near the heart. Powerful emotion may account for this singular event.—*Ledger.*

WORKING COWS.—The experiment of ploughing with the heifer, has not yet been fairly tried among us. It is believed that a team of Cows properly managed will do all the work of a small farm and furnish as much milk as if the animals were not worked. The Maine Farmer publishes the result of an experiment in working cows made by Mr. Hoyt of Amesbury, Mass., many years ago. He was a small farmer, cultivating only twenty-five acres, from which he derived support for himself and family. For breaking up and his other heavy operations, he usually obtained a stronger team, but performed the ordinary work on the farm with his two cows. He worked them three hours early in the morning and three more late in the afternoon, permitting them to rest during the interval, feeding them generously all the while, and milking them three times a day. It was a common remark that they furnished more butter and cheese than any other two cows in town. The experiment deserves a careful trial.—*Worcester Egis.*

LEAP YEAR.—The year 1840 is leap year, and as many have been questioned by more than one lady to notice that fact, we, of course, take pleasure in complying. 1840, then, is leap year, be it known to every body, old bachelors and young, old maids and misses. Young men, take care, stay at home more than common, and don't be caught out in the evenings, or you'll be caught in some other way for certain; it being a rule in the game, we believe, that no gentleman, possessing the least spark of gallantry, dare refuse an offer under any circumstances. As for ourselves we don't know what we shall do, if such a misfortune should happen to befall us. We asked a bachelor friend his opinion as to the matter. He only ejaculated a *lass!* Our fair readers will bear in mind, however, that we have no time to go to market, &c. until after HARRISON is elected President, and until that time, if the knot is to be tied at all, we must merely go into "the Union for the sake of the Union."—*Steuenville Herald.*

The following was stated by a Professor at Paris, to his pupils:

A gentleman dying made his will, in which he provided that if his wife, shortly to be confined, have a boy, he would take two-thirds of the property, and his mother the remainder; but if it was a girl, then the mother was to have two-thirds and the daughter one third. Now it so happened that a boy and a girl were born. The professor inquired how the property was to be divided according to the wishes of the testator. He called upon one of the pupils and asked him gravely: "Sir what was the intention of the testator?"

"Sir," answered the student, "his intention was to have but one child."

CORN LAMP OIL.—We have been using Corn Lamp Oil for some time past, and are greatly pleased with it as a light dispenser. It burns freely and clear, affording a strong brilliant light from the common lamp. It is free from any disagreeable smell in burning and cost a third less than good winter sperm oil. So far as we have tested, we give corn Lamp Oil the decided preference.—*Cleveland Herald.*